

# Haunted Mansion

Stories  
Inspired by  
the Classic

**Disney**  
Attraction



**SLG**  
#5  
\$2.95

*Dirge*

Dan Vado  
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Publisher

Jennifer de Guzman  
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Scott Saavedra  
Art Director

Roman Dirge  
Front Cover Artist

# Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

## A Dynamite Party

When you're invited to a party at Gracey Manor, remember that the formal dress code is strictly enforced.

Written and Illustrated by Devon Devereaux

## Blue Loup Garou

Life gets lonely for the only cajun werewolf on Gracey Manor's grounds.

Written and Illustrated by Ben Towle

## The Follow-Up Interview

Sarah has seen the other side — and being dead seems a lot more interesting than being alive! Now she wants nothing more than to return to Gracey Manor.

Written by Dan Vado  
Illustrated by Drew Rausch

## Pickwick Capers

Erasmus Cromwell Pickwick is the world's foremost cat burglar. He claims he can steal anything, but what about pirate's treasure in a haunted mansion?

Written and Illustrated by  
Jon "Bean" Hastings

## Mystery of the Manse Part Five

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. And something William Gracey's bride-to-be did not expect.

Written by Dan Vado  
Illustrated by Mike Moss  
with lettering assists by Eleanor Lawson

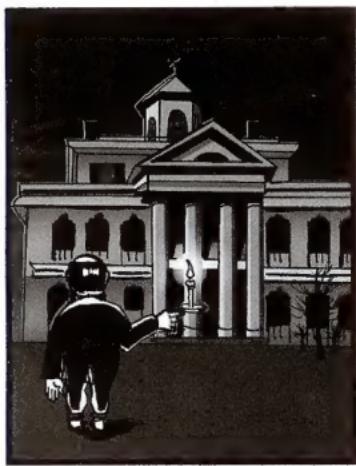
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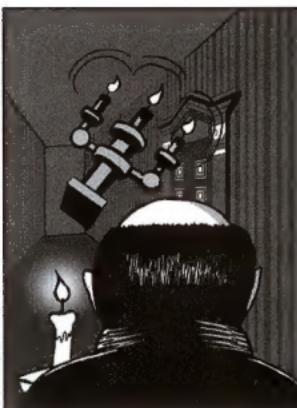
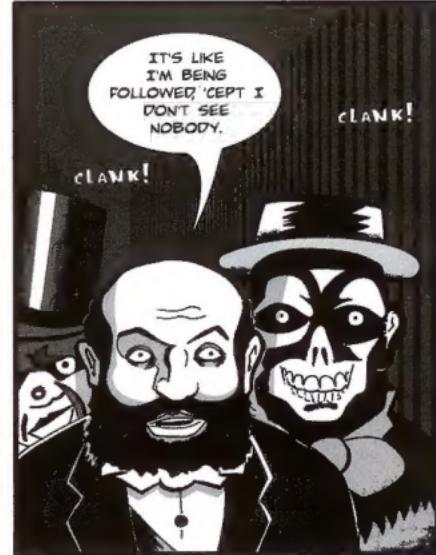
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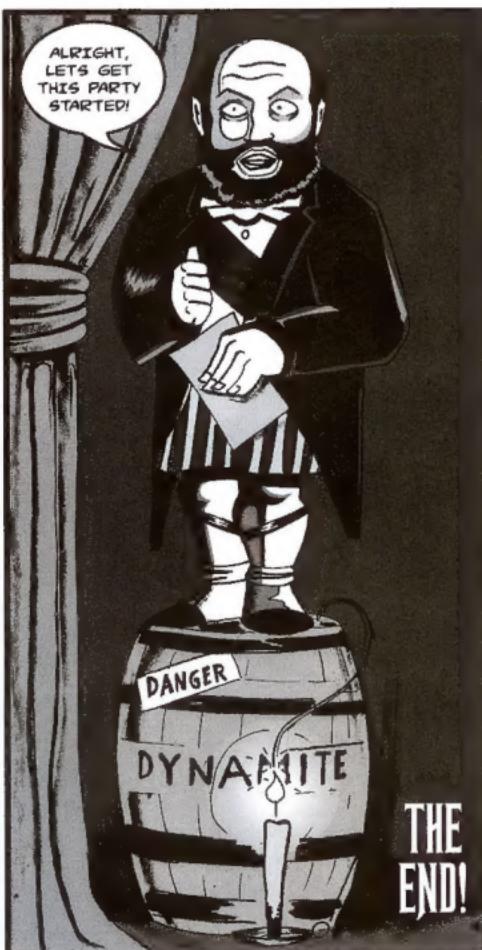
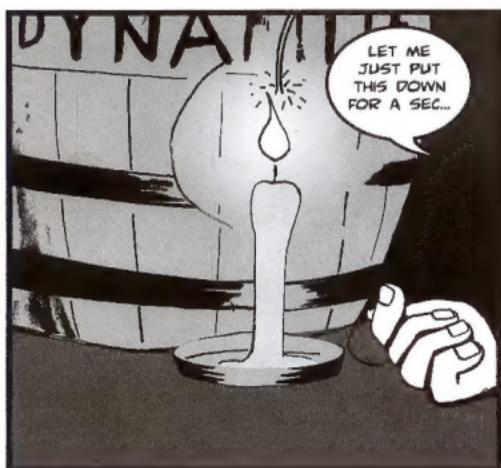
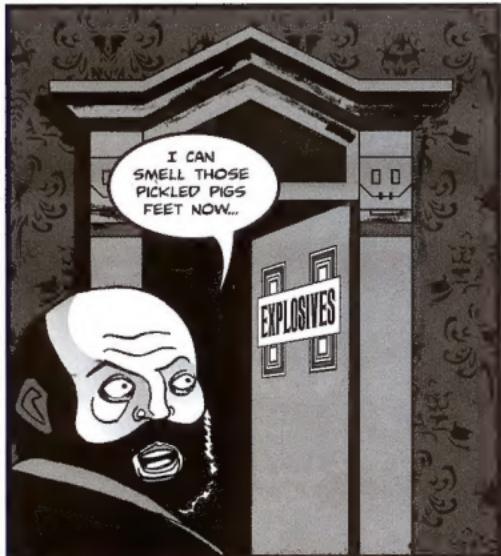
# A DYNAMITE PARTY

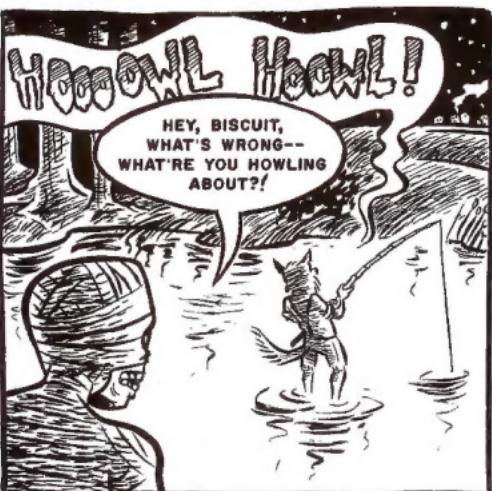
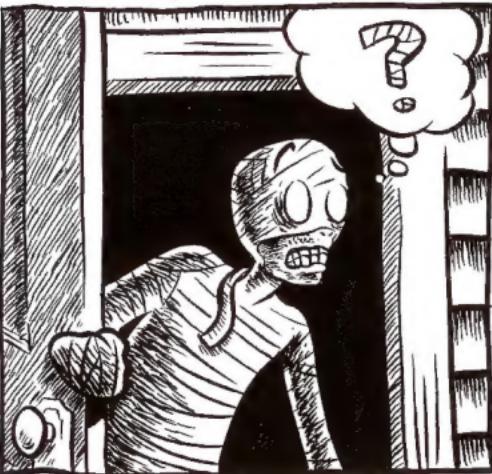
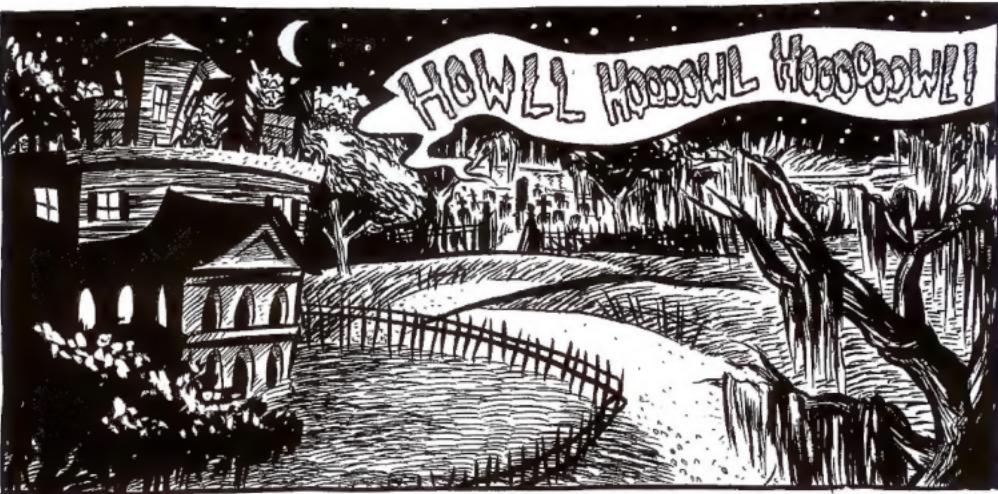
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY DEVON DEVEREAUX











UH... *NOTHING'S* WRONG.  
I'M JUST OUT HERE CATCHING A  
FEW FISH FOR DINNER--

--AND, DON'T  
CALL ME 'BISCUIT'  
IN PUBLIC!

WE'RE  
HARDLY IN  
PUBLIC...

"ALL THESE FOLKS ARE DEAD!"

OK, BISCLAVRET. BUT, I  
KNOW *SOMETHING'S* GOT-  
TA BE BUGGING YOU.

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS  
OUT HERE HOWLING AT  
THE SKY AND STARING  
OFF INTO... WELL...  
WHATEVER THAT TOWN  
IS OVER THERE?

"I'M NOT STARING OFF  
INTO TOWN.  
BUT, IF YOU MUST KNOW,  
THAT TOWN'S *BIEN CHASSE*.  
IT'S WHERE I CAME  
FROM BEFORE I LIVED  
AT THE MANSION..."

"WE LOUPS GAROUS, IT IS OUR FATE TO SERVE A MASTER FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD AND DO HIS BIDDING!"



"...AND HE, IN TURN, WOULD TEMPT TOWNSFOLK INTO BARGAINING THEIR SOULS FOR A LIFE OF LEISURE."



"BUT, IT WAS OF COURSE NOT HE WHO WOULD SUPPLY THE MEANS FOR THIS LEISURE, BUT WE LOUPS GAROUS!"



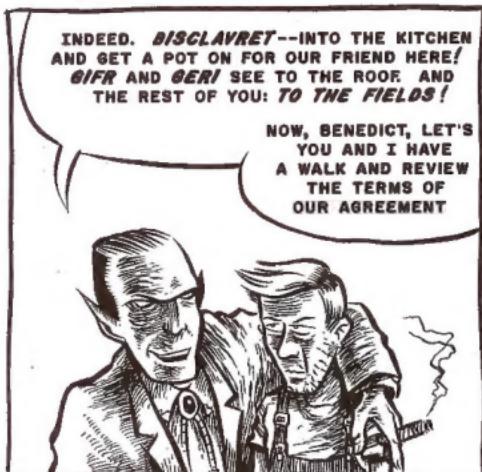
GLAD TO SEE YOU, BASIL. THE FIELD NEEDS TILLING, THE ROOF NEEDS PATCHING, AND I'M JUST STARVED FOR A GOOD HEARTY MEAL.

THESE...*THINGS* OF YOURS HAVE GOT AN EVENING OF WORK CUT OUT FOR THEM, I'D SAY.



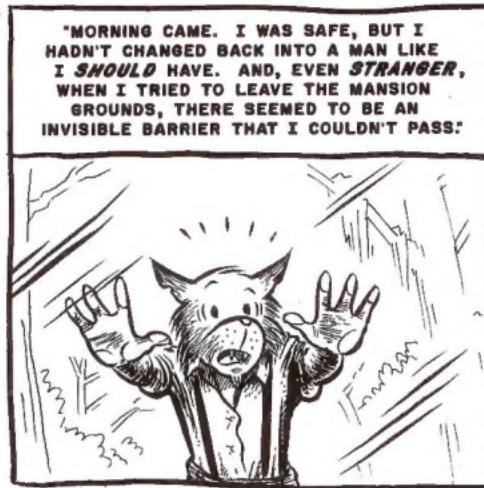
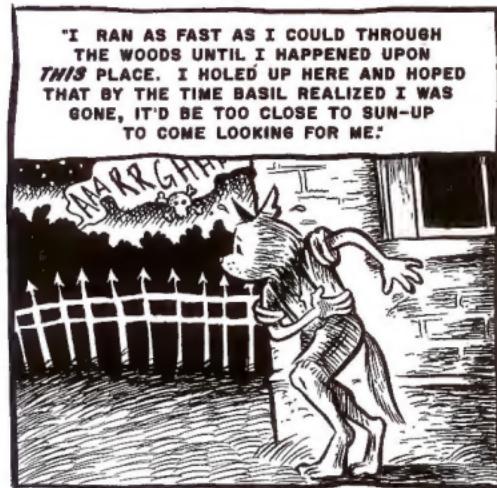
INDEED. *DISCLAVRET*--INTO THE KITCHEN AND GET A POT ON FOR OUR FRIEND HERE! *GIFR* AND *GERI* SEE TO THE ROOF, AND THE REST OF YOU: *TO THE FIELDS!*

NOW, BENEDICT, LET'S YOU AND I HAVE A WALK AND REVIEW THE TERMS OF OUR AGREEMENT



"THE GREEDY NEVER LEARN: WHEN YOU DINE WITH THE DEVIL, USE A VERY LONG SPOON. I KNEW WHAT WAS COMING--AND THAT NIGHT BASIL HAD LEFT ME ALONE INSIDE, WHILE THE OTHERS DID THE DIRTY WORK--AND I KNEW IT WAS MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE."





"THEN I SAW, JUST BEYOND THE BARRIER, A CIGAR STUB, AND I KNEW THIS WAS BASIL'S DOING. HE HAD TRAPPED ME HERE FOREVER!"



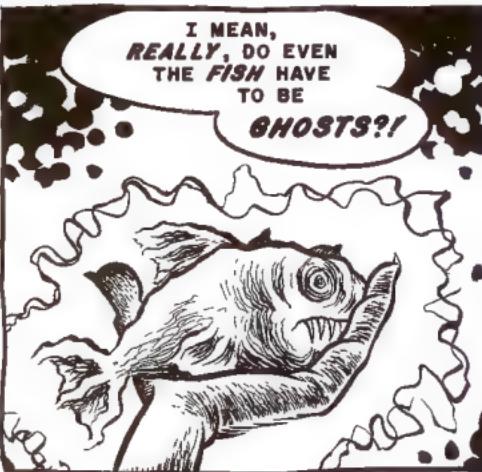
GOSH, BISCLAVRET, I UNDERSTAND NOW --YOU'RE SAD BECAUSE YOU'RE TRAPPED HERE AT THE MANSION FOREVER, RIGHT?



IT'S NOT THAT, REALLY. I LIKE IT HERE, ACTUALLY. IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, ...NO OFFENSE, BUT, THE WHOLE GHOST THING IS A BIT MUCH SOMETIMES...



I MEAN, REALLY, DO EVEN THE FISH HAVE TO BE GHOSTS?!



WHAT AM I GONNA EAT FOR DINNER?!

HOODOOM W W L E E E E L L L L !



THE END

# THE FOLLOW-UP INTERVIEW

WORDS

Dan Vado

VISUALS

Drew Rausch

I believe in ghosts...

... because I was one briefly.

After my accident, I died and I found myself in this strange place surrounded by ghosts. They looked like they were having so much fun.

I thought you were done with your bad goth poetry phase, Sarah.

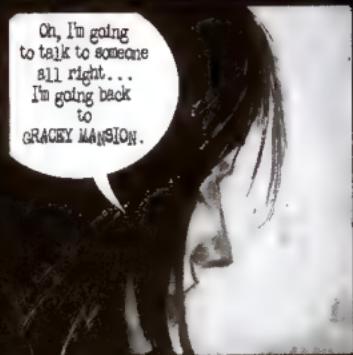
Do you have to be a jerk all the time, Steve?

Do I have to be? No, it just works out that way.

Look, Baby, I'm just worried about you. You've been acting weird ever since the accident. I understand you went through a horrible trauma, but you really need to start getting past it.

All this talk about ghosts and haunted houses... You need more help than I can give.

I AM NOT CRAZY!! I know what I saw. I was on the other side...



To be continued...

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM ERASmus CROMWELL PICKWICK, MASTER THIEF. MY LIFE WAS THAT OF AN UNCOMMON CRIMINAL AND MY DEATH WAS UNCOMMON AS WELL. HEAR NOW THE STORY OF MY SURPRISE DEMISE. THE TALE OF...

# THE PICKWICK CAPERS

DUE TO MY FATHER'S UNFORTUNATE LACK OF CRAFTSMANSHIP, I DEVELOPED SEVERE ACROPHOBIA FROM A TRAGICALLY TALL HOMEMADE HIGH-CHAIR.

HOWEVER, LATER IN LIFE MY FEAR OF HEIGHTS SERVED ME WELL. OTHERS IN MY LINE OF WORK WERE SUITED TO BE CAT BURGLARS. I, HOWEVER, BECAME MORE OF A "MOLE BURGLAR." I PREFERRED THE WORLD BELOW TO DIZZYING ROOFTOP HEIGHTS. MY SKULKING SKILLS TOOK ME PILFERING ALL UNDER EUROPE.

HAVING PLIED MY TRADE TO NEAR CERTAIN IMPRISONMENT IN THE OLD WORLD, I MADE MY WAY TO THE WIDE-OPEN, LARCENOUS PROMISE OF AMERICA.



I QUICKLY BECAME THE TOAST OF THE UNDERWORLD, UNTIL ONE FATEFUL NIGHT...

SO MY STRATEGICALLY PLACED SQUIRREL RAN RIGHT UP THE GENDARMERIE'S PANT LEG. HE WAS STILL DANCING WHEN I ESCAPED THROUGH THE CELLAR DOOR.

HAW! THAT'S SHOWIN' 'EM, PICKY!

OH, MR. PICKWICK, THERE'S LIKELY NO PLACE THAT CAN KEEP YOU OUT!



SIR, AM I TO ASSUME BY YOUR OH-SO-ELQUENT OUTBURST THAT YOU BELIEVE THERE IS A PLACE THAT COULD REFUSE MY PARTICULAR STYLE OF SUB-TERRANEAN THIEVERY?

STYLE IS OF NO MATTER, SUNNY JIM! WHETHER YOU BE CRAWLIN' THROUGH SEWER PIPES LIKE A RAT OR FLOATIN' DOWN FROM ABOVE ON PUFFY CLOUDS LIKE A WEE ANGEL, YOU NAY STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE GHOSTLY PROTECTORS OF THE PLACE I HAVE IN MIND! NONE OTHER THAN... GRACEY MANOR!

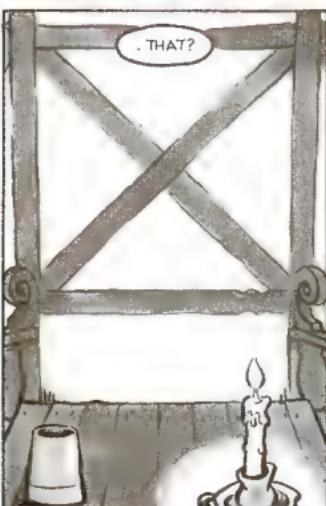
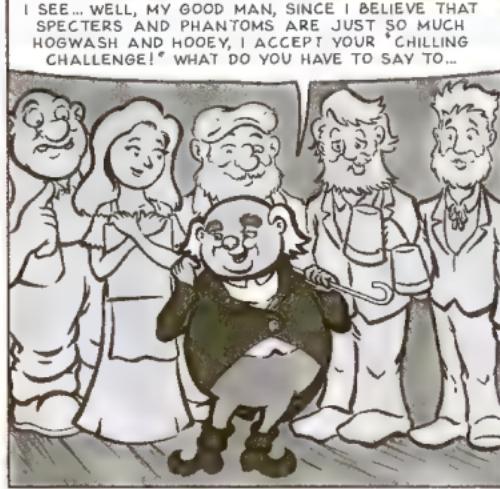
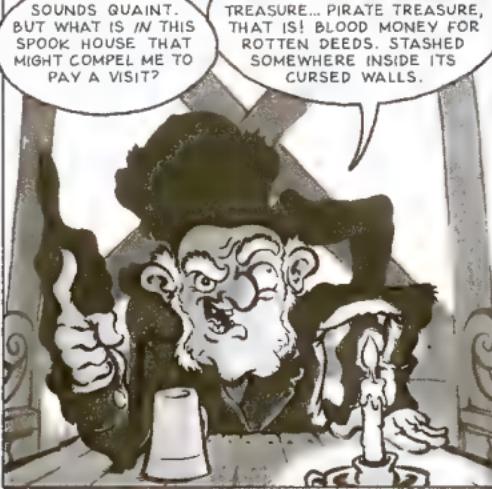


SOUNDS QUANT. BUT WHAT IS IN THIS SPOOK HOUSE THAT MIGHT COMPEL ME TO PAY A VISIT?

TREASURE... PIRATE TREASURE, THAT IS! BLOOD MONEY FOR ROTTEN DEEDS. STASHED SOMEWHERE INSIDE ITS CURSED WALLS.



I SEE... WELL, MY GOOD MAN, SINCE I BELIEVE THAT SPECTERS AND PHANTOMS ARE JUST SO MUCH HOGWASH AND HOOEY, I ACCEPT YOUR 'CHILLING CHALLENGE!' WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO...



AS THE OLD SAYING GOES;  
ONLY FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE  
ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD. WELL,  
I WAS NO ANGEL BUT MY DUBIOUS  
CAREER WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR  
SHORTER HAD I BEEN A FOOL.

I KNEW TO DO MY  
RESEARCH, FINDING  
WHAT I THOUGHT WAS  
THE EXPLANATION FOR  
THE 'HAUNTING' OF  
GRACEY MANOR

BEING A PARANOID,  
TREASURE HORDING EX-  
PIRATE, MASTER GRACEY  
EQUIPPED HIS HOUSE  
WITH ALL MANNER OF  
PROTECTIVE DEVICES.

I DEDUCED THAT THESE DEADLY  
CONTRAPTS MIGHT STILL BE  
IN WORKING ORDER; EVEN LONG  
AFTER THE ILL-FATED GRACEY  
FAMILY HAD BECOME DEARLY  
DEPARTED. AN EMPTY HOUSE THAT  
PEOPLE NEVER RETURN FROM MIGHT  
EASILY BE CONSIDERED HAUNTED.

ARMED WITH THIS  
KNOWLEDGE, I WENT  
TO MEET MY MATCH

HMM, IT  
IS A BIT  
SPOOKY  
WELL,  
NO MATTER...  
TREASURE TO  
PLUNDER AND  
ALL THAT.  
O O O O

I HAD ALSO FOUND A WAY IN THAT I  
FOUND MUCH TO MY LIKING.

AH, YES.. HERE  
WE ARE!

SPIRITS WALK AND GHOSTS BREAK  
UP THEIR GRAVES, THAT TIME BEST  
FITS THE WORK WE HAVE IN HAND!



I WAS A NATURAL  
AT AVOIDING MAN  
MADE TRAPS.

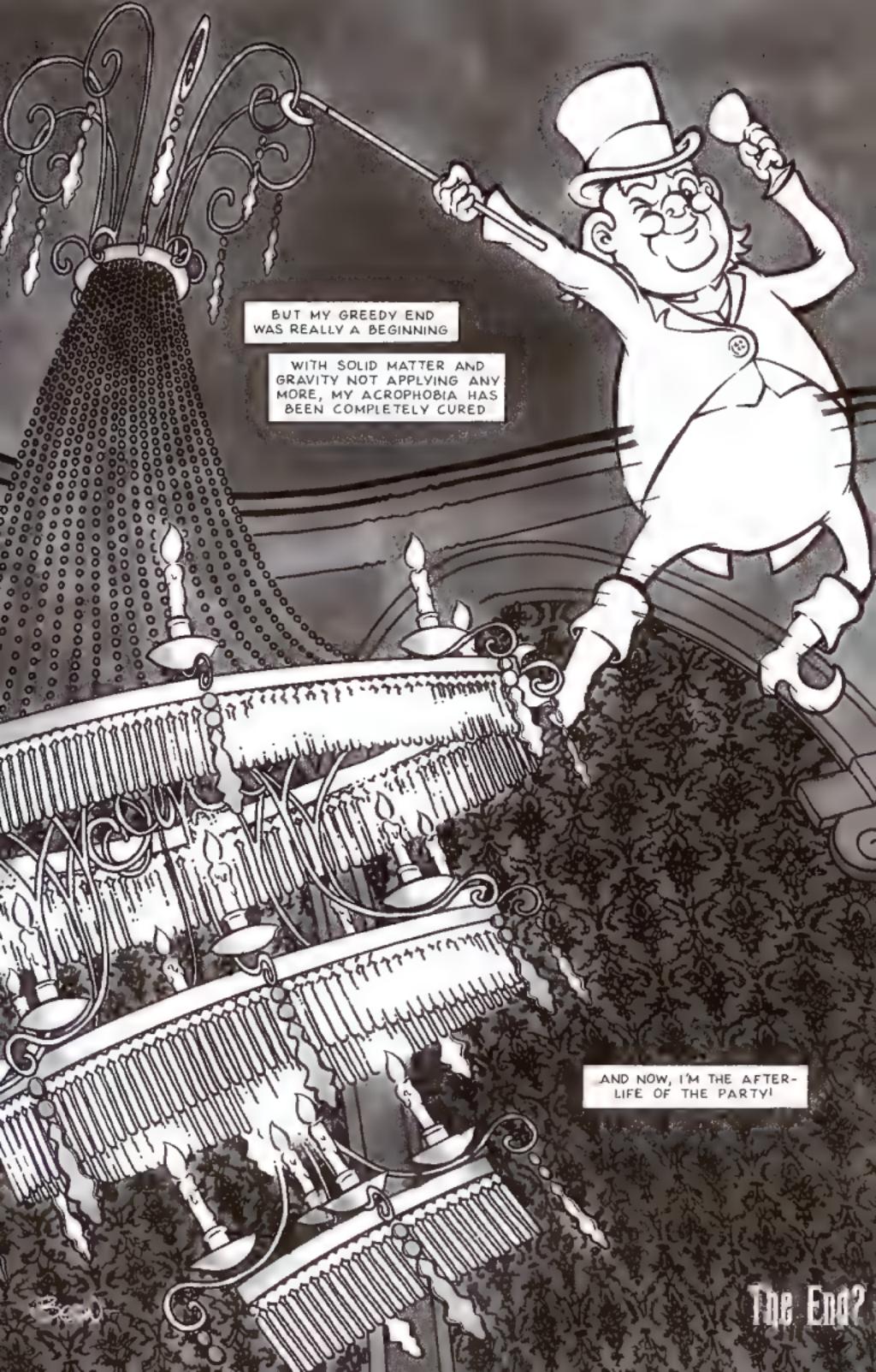
UNFORTUNATELY  
I FOUND MYSELF  
UP AGAINST THE  
SUPERNATURAL...

..AND I QUICKLY  
REALIZED THAT  
I WASN'T UP  
TO THE  
CHALLENGE

SO, IN THE  
END IT WASN'T  
HEIGHTS THAT  
DID ME IN... IT  
WAS DEPTHS.

DEEP  
DEEP  
NOT  
ONE  
DEEPEE  
EEEEE  
EEEEE

THAT AND A  
ROOM WITH NO DOORS  
AND NO WINDOWS.



BUT MY GREEDY END  
WAS REALLY A BEGINNING

WITH SOLID MATTER AND  
GRAVITY NOT APPLYING ANY  
MORE, MY ACROPHOBIA HAS  
BEEN COMPLETELY CURED

AND NOW, I'M THE AFTER-  
LIFE OF THE PARTY!

The End?

# Mystery of the MANSE part five

Script: Dan Vade  
Art: Mike Mess

SO WE ARE ALMOST THROUGH OUR STORY OF HOW IT WAS I CAME TO BE THE MASTER OF THIS INSANE ASYLUM FOR THE DEAD...

I CAN SEE YOU ARE HANGING ON MY EVERY WORD, SO I WILL GET RIGHT TO THE GOOD PARTS.

MY WEDDING DAY HAD FINALLY ARRIVED, AND TO SAY I WAS THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

I HAD IT ALL, IT SEEMED

WEALTH AND POWER AND LUCK, THE KIND OF LUCK THAT LET'S YOU START YOUR LIFE OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. FROM DECK HAND, TO PIRATE, TO ONE OF NEW ORLEAN'S LEADING CITIZENS, MY JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE HAD LEFT ME FEELING BLESSED.

AS OUR GUESTS ARRIVED AND THE FINAL PREPARATIONS WERE BEING MADE TO THE HOUSE, MY BRIDE-TO-BE WAS BUSY OVERSEEING EVERY ASPECT OF THE CEREMONY AND RECEPTION.

HER HAPPINESS WAS INFECTIOUS AS EVERYONE GOT CAUGHT UP IN THE SPIRIT OF THE EVENT

EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR MADAME LEOTA...

WHOSE ADVANCES I HAD SPURNED.

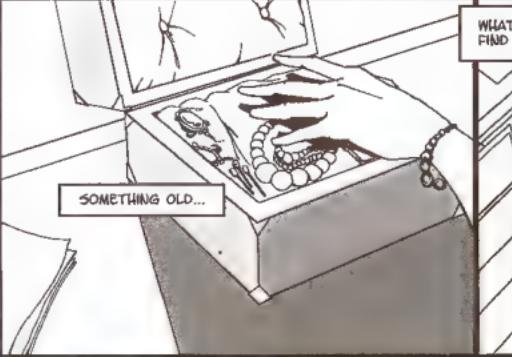
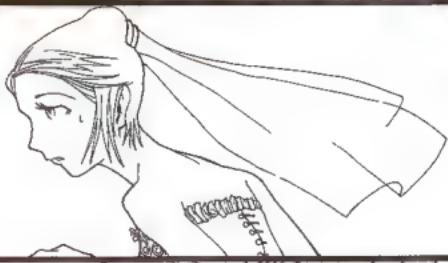
DESPITE NOT BEING INVITED TO THE CEREMONY, LEOTA ARRIVED AT THE MANSION TO MAKE SOME WEDDING DAY PREPARATIONS OF HER OWN.

EVER THE TRADITIONAL BRIDE, MY SWEET YOUNG EMILY WAS IN THE PROCESS OF COLLECTING THE FOUR THINGS THAT EVERY BRIDE-TO-BE MUST HAVE ON HER WEDDING DAY.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW



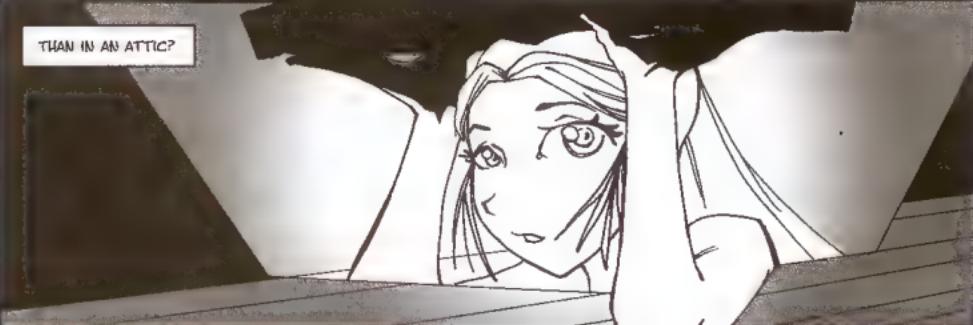
SOMETHING BORROWED AND SOMETHING BLUE.



WHAT BETTER PLACE TO FIND SOMETHING OLD...



... THAN IN AN ATTIC?



EMILY SEEMED ALMOST POSSESSED WITH THE NEED FOR SOMETHING OLD, IGNORING THE FACT THAT A DUSTY ATTIC WAS PROBABLY NOT THE BEST PLACE FOR A WOMAN IN A WEDDING DRESS

IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SOMETHING CALLED HER TO THE ATTIC.

EMILY LOOKED THROUGH THE VARIOUS BOXES AND CRATES WHICH I HAD STORED UP THERE; ARTIFACTS OF A LONG DEAD PAST WHICH I HAD SEALED AWAY FROM MY CURRENT LIFE.

MOVING A FEW THINGS, SHE FINALLY FOUND...

...A HATBOX.

I SUPPOSE SHE THOUGHT THAT A HATBOX MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING OLD IN IT. MAYBE SHE WAS COMPELLED TO OPEN IT. TO THIS DAY I AM NOT CERTAIN.

WHAT I DO KNOW...

IS THAT SHE WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN OLD FRIEND.

CARDON ME, MY DEAR

BUT I THINK THAT...

BELONGS TO  
ME!!!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR  
THIS A LONG TIME.

OF COURSE, THE LOOKING  
HAS BEEN A LITTLE HARD.



NOW, I KNOW  
WHAT YOU MUST  
BE THINKING...

SINCE THIS IS  
MY HEAD!

WHAT DOES THE LOOKING?  
THE BODY OR THE HEAD?  
A LITTLE OF BOTH, MAYBE?

OR PERHAPS,  
MORE TO THE POINT  
YOU ARE WONDERING  
WHO OR WHAT I AM?

I AM JUST AN UNEXPECTED  
WEDDING GUEST, MY DEAR.  
AN OLD FRIEND OF YOUR FIANCÉ

OR AT LEAST I  
WAS A FRIEND.

UNTIL HE MURDERED ME  
AND PUT MY HEAD IN THIS BOX!

WHAT'S THIS?

DO YOU MEAN YOUR LOVER HAS  
NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT HIS PAST?

DID HE THINK YOU WOULDN'T LOVE  
HIM IF YOU KNEW THE TRUTH?

WOULD YOU HAVE LEFT  
HIM IF YOU KNEW THAT WILLIAM  
GRACEY WAS ONCE THE INFAMOUS  
CAPTAIN BLOOD, SCOURGE OF  
THE CARIBBEAN?

WOULD YOU FEEL  
DIFFERENTLY ABOUT  
HIM IF YOU KNEW HE  
BETRAYED HIS CREW...

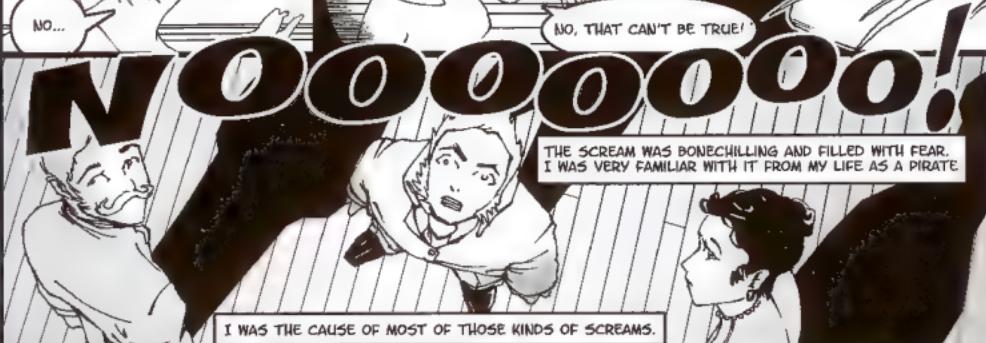
MY CREW AND LEFT  
THEM TO DIE SO HE  
COULD ESCAPE WITH  
THEIR TREASURE?

HARD TO BELIEVE,  
ISN'T IT?

WELL, DON'T TAKE  
MY WORD FOR IT...

ASK MY CREW!

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!



YOUR BRIDE SEEMS TO BE OVERCOME WITH ANTICIPATION.  
GUESS SHE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN.

WELL...

AS THE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP, I CAN PERFORM  
THE CEREMONY RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW,  
IN FRONT OF ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS.

LET'S CUT TO THE GOOD PART, SHALL WE?!

DO YOU, EMILY,  
TAKE WILLIAM TO BE YOUR  
LAWFULLY WEDDED HUSBAND,  
FOR AS LONG AS YOU BOTH  
SHALL LIVE?

DEAR, DEAR, LOOKS LIKE THE POOR YOUNG WOMAN IS  
INCAPABLE OF ANSWERING ON HER OWN.  
SHE'S SPEECHLESS...

AMEN, LET US HELP THIS  
POOR WOMAN WITH HER WEDDING VOWS!  
EVERYBODY NOW! I DO...

POOR, POOR  
WILLIAM...

SEEMS YOUR  
PRECIOUS LOVE  
HAS DIED OF  
A BROKEN HEART!

COULDN'T HANDLE  
THE TRUTH ABOUT  
YOU, I SUPPOSE.

SHE SEEMED LIKE SUCH  
A NICE GIRL, TOO.

TOO NICE FOR  
A PIRATE, LIKE  
YOURSELF.

WELL, MY  
WORK HERE  
IS DONE, AND  
I MUST BE  
GOING.

I HAVE THE  
REST OF MY  
AFTERLIFE TO  
ATTEND TO.

I THINK THE REST  
OF THE CREW IS GOING TO  
STAY AND ENTERTAIN  
YOUR GUESTS.

AAAA!

HELP!

PLEASE GIVE MADAME  
LEOTA MY THANKS FOR THE  
INVITATION. I AM CERTAIN I WILL  
BE SPEAKING TO HER AGAIN.

LEOTA.

THE GHOSTLY CAPTAIN DIDN'T  
NEED TO SAY ANYMORE. I KNEW  
WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

**LEOTA!**

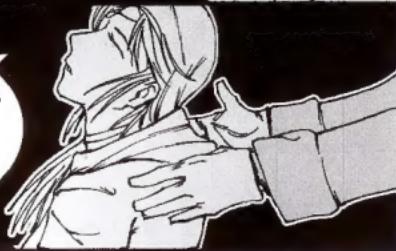
LEOTA, THE WOMAN SCORNED,  
HAD HATCHED A PLOT TO RUIN  
MY WEDDING DAY BY SUMMONING  
THE GHOSTS OF MY PAST.

Rap on the table,  
It's time to respond,  
Send us a message,  
From somewhere Beyond!

I KNEW WHAT SHE HAD DONE.

Serpents and spiders,  
tail of rat,  
Call in the Spirits  
Wherever they're—

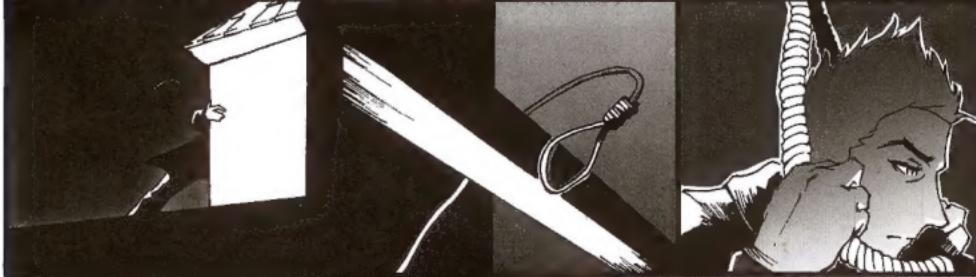
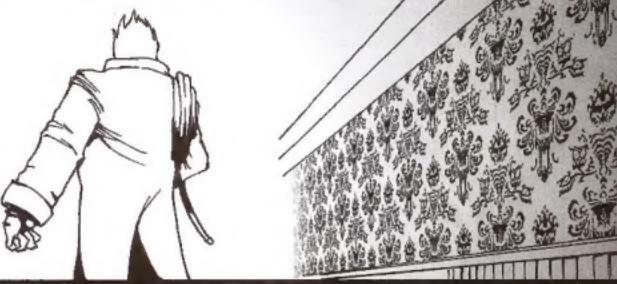
AND I KNEW WHAT  
I HAD TO DO.



AND WITH THAT, I WAS A KILLER AGAIN.



I HAD NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT.



AND THAT, MY FRIEND, SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF THE STORY.

BUT SADLY, FOR ME...

IT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING.

TO BE CONTINUED

# Ghoulish Contributors



Devon Devereaux is an illustrator and fine artist working in Portland, Oregon. His work can be seen in Graphic Classics anthologies, *Too Much Coffee Man Magazine*, and *Tales of Hot Rod Horror*. His work has been shown in galleries in San Diego, San Francisco, Phoenix, Chicago, and Portland, OR.

Ben's solo work includes the series *Midnight Sun* and the graphic novel *Farewell, Georgia*, both from SLG. His short works have appeared in anthologies including *Wide Awake Press 666*, *Strange Eggs* and *SPX 2004*. He wears baggy pants and smokes a corn-cob pipe. No one understands him but his woman.



Dan Vado helms SLG Publishing on the high seas of the comic book industry with swashbuckling aplomb. With SLG celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year, some might say the aplomb is well-deserved.

A newcomer to SLG and *The Haunted Mansion*, Drew's other major work is a series called *Sullengrey* published by APE Entertainment. He is very goth and some of his favorite bands are The Cure, Bauhaus and Nine Inch Nails. Visit <http://www.sullengrey.com/>



Jon has been known to make the 500 mile trek to Disneyland simply to eat a churro outside of the the Haunted Mansion. His current project is a children's book called *Terrabella Smoot and the Unsung Monsters*.

Mike Moss, illustrator, was best known for his good nature and rapidly evolving art-style until these were both overshadowed by the spectacular way in which he re-entered the Earth's atmosphere in 1908.





**DARTH SCANNER**



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